

The Muse.

Written for the Maine Farmer,
ODE TO WINTER.

Long have thou stood on the storm-beaten shore,
And watched the icy green;
For the lightning voice of a milder time
The hills and valleys between.

The hills have bowed with a sudden'st morn,
As they felt thy icy crown;
For the lightning voice of a milder time
The hills have bowed with a sudden'st morn.

Then haste thee away with thy blustering train,
Nor leave but a shadow behind;
For ere long will come the sweet breath of spring;
Then no longer will welcome thee find.

Yours truly,
F. M. S.

From Godley's Lady's Book
OUR GRANITE HILLS.

"Thanks be to God for the Mountains."

BY MRS. SARAH J. MALE.

What glowing thoughts, what glorious scenes
To mountain tops belong!
The low from Godley's summit came,
From hills, great and small—
And gentle, on the mountain heights,
His banner first unfurled;
And from the Seven-hilled city waved
The sword that swayed the world.
Thus he raised the hymn of praise—
To the hills were given:
And mountains tops are shaven set
To lift the soul to heaven.

Though ever the plains are crowned with clouds,
As every tyrant will,
Yet Freedom's light is flashing bright
Along Helvetia's hills!

And should our Eagle soar his wing
O'er prairie, plain, or sea,
Or Washington on eagle's back
Of deathless liberty!

Then let us raise the song of praise
To the heights were given;
Our Granite Hills are all alive,
To lift our hopes to heaven.

The Story-Teller.

THE DANDIES REBUKED,
OR, THE OLD SURTOUT.

I had taken a place on the top of one of the coaches which run between Edinburgh and Glasgow, for the purpose of commencing a short tour in the Highlands of Scotland. As we rattled along Prince Street, I had leisure to survey my fellow travellers. Immediately opposite to me sat two dandies of the first order, dressed in white great-coats and Belcher handkerchiefs, and each with a cigar in his mouth, which he puffed away with a marvellous complacency. Beside them sat a modest and comely young woman in a widow's dress, with an infant nine months old in her arms. The appearance of the youthful mother and her baby indicated that they belonged to the lower class of society; and although the dandies occasionally cast a rude glance at the mother, the look of calm and settled sorrow, which invariably, at such times, cast upon her child, seemed to touch even them, and to disarm their coarseness. On the other side of the widow, sat a young gentleman of plain yet prepossessing exterior, who seemed especially to attract the notice of the dandies. His surtout was not absolutely thread-bare, but it had evidently endured more than one season, and he could perceive many contemptuous looks thrown upon it by the gentlemen in the Belcher handkerchiefs. The young gentleman carried a small portmanteau in his hand—so small, indeed, that it could not possibly have contained more than a change of linen. This article also appeared to arrest the eyes of the sprigs of fashion opposite, while wardrobe in all probability, were more voluminous; whether they were paid for or not might be another question.

The coach having stopped at the village of Comberfirth, for the purpose of taking up an inside passenger, the guard, observing that the young gentleman carried his portmanteau in his hand, offered to put it in the boot, to which he immediately assented.

"Put it fairly in the centre, guard," said one of the dandies.

"Why so, Tom?" inquired his companion.

"It may catch the coach," rejoined the first; a sally, at which both indulged in the burst of laughter; but of which the owner of the portmanteau, though the blood mounted slightly into his cheeks, took no notice whatever.

While we were changing horses at the little town of Uphall, an aged beggar approached and held out his hat for alms. The dandies looked at him with scorn—I gave him a few half pence; and the young widow, poor as she seemed, was about to do the same, when the young gentleman in the surtout laid his hand gently on her arm, and dropping a half crown into the beggar's hat, made a sign to her to depart. The dandies looked at each other.

"Showing off, Jack," said the one.

"Ay, ay, successful at our last benefit, you know," rejoined the other, and both again burst into a horse-laugh.

At this allusion to his supposed profession, the blood again mounted into the young gentleman's cheeks, but it was only for a moment, and he continued silent.

"We had not left Uphall many miles behind us, when the wind began to rise, and the gathering clouds indicated an approaching shower. The dandies began to prepare their umbrellas; and the young gentleman in the surtout, surveying the dress of the widow, and perceiving that she was, by indifferently provided against a change of weather, inquired of the guard if the coach was full inside. Being answered in the affirmative, he addressed the mourner in a tone of sympathy, told her there was every appearance of a smart shower; expressed his regret that she could not be taken into the coach; and concluded by offering her the use of his cloak.

"It will protect you so far," said he, "and at all events, it will protect the baby."

The widow thanked him in a modest and respectful manner, and said, that for the sake of the infant, she would be glad to have the cloak, if he would not suffer for the want of it himself.

He assured her that he should not, being accustomed to all kinds of weather.

"His surtout won't soil," said one of the dandies in a voice of affected tenderness, "and besides, my dear, the cloak will hold you both."

The young widow blushed; and the young gentleman turning quickly around, addressed the speaker in a tone of dignity which I shall never forget—

"I am not naturally quarrelsome, sir; but yet it is quite possible you may provoke me too far."

Both the equities immediately turned as pale as death; shrunk in spite of themselves into a natural insignificance; and they rapidly opened their lips, even to each other, during the remainder of the journey.

In the meantime, the young gentleman, with the same politeness and delicacy as if he had been assisting a lady of quality with her shawl, proceeded to wrap the widow and her baby, in his cloak. He had hardly accomplished this, when

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"Do your friends dwell thereabouts?"
"Yes, sir, they do. Indeed, I am on my way to my father's house."
"To your father's?"
"Yes, sir," said the poor young woman, raising her handkerchief to her eyes, and sobbing audibly: "I am returning to find a disconsolate widow, after a short absence of two years."
"Is your father a good circumstances?"
"He will never suffer me or my baby to want, sir, while he has strength to labor for us; but he is himself in poverty—a day laborer on the estate of the Earl of H—"

At the mention of this nobleman's name the young gentleman colored a little, but it was evident that his emotion was not of an unpleasant nature.

"What is your father's name?" said he.
"James Anderson."
"And his residence?"
"Birklebury."
"Well, I trust, that though desolate so far as this world is concerned, you know something of Him who is the father of the fatherless and the judge of the widow. If so, your Maker is your husband, and the Lord of Hosts is his name."
"Oh, yes, sir, I bless God, that through a pious parent's care, I know something of the power of Divine grace, and the consolations of the gospel. My husband, too, though but a tradesman, was a man who feared God above man."

"The remembrance of that must tend much to alleviate your sorrow."

"It does, indeed, sir, at times; but other times I am often ready to sink. My father's poverty and advancing age, my baby's helplessness and my own delicate health, are frequently too much for my feeble faith."

"Trust in God and he will provide for you; be assured he will."

By this time the coach was again in motion, and though the conversation continued for some time, the noise of the wheels prevented me from hearing it distinctly. I could see the dandies, however, exchange looks with one another; and at one time, the more forward of the two whispered something to his companion, in which the words "Methodist Parson," alone were audible.

At Airdrie nothing particular occurred; when we got about half way between that town and Glasgow, we arrived at a cross road where the widow expressed a wish to be set down. The young gentleman, therefore, desired the driver to stop, and springing himself from the coach, took the infant in his arms, and then, along with the guard, assisted her to descend.

"May God reward you," she said, as he returned the baby to her, "for your kindness to the widow and fatherless this day."

"And may He bless you," replied he, "with all spiritual consolation in Jesus Christ."

So saying, he slipped something into her hand; the widow opened it instinctively. I saw two sovereigns glitter on her palm; she dropped a tear upon the money, and turned around to thank her benefactor; but he had already resumed his seat upon the coach. She cast toward him an eloquent and grateful look, pressed her infant convulsively to her bosom, and walked hurriedly away.

No other passengers wishing to alight at the same place, we were soon again in rapid motion towards the great emporium of the west of Scotland. Not a word was spoken. The young gentleman sat with his arms crossed upon his breast; and, if I might judge by the expression of his countenance, was evidently revolving some scheme of benevolence in his mind. The dandies regarded him with blank amazement. They also had seen the gold in the poor widow's hand, and seemed to think that there was more under that shabby surtout than their "puppy" brains could conjecture. That, in this, they were right, was speedily made manifest.

When we had entered Glasgow, and were approaching the Buck's Head, the inn at which our conveyance was to stop, an open traveling carriage, drawn by four beautiful horses, drove up in an opposite direction. The elegance of this equipage made the dandies spring to their feet.

"What beautiful greys!" cried one, "I wonder whom they can belong to!"

"He is a happy fellow, any how," replied the other. "I would give half of Yorkshire to call them mine."

The stage coach and the traveling carriage stopped at the Buck's Head at the same moment, and a footman led in liverly springing down from behind the latter, looked first inside and then at the top of the former, when he lifted his hat with a smile signifying of recognition.

"Are you all well at the castle, Robert?" inquired the young gentleman in the surtout.

"All well, my Lord," replied the footman.

At the sound of the monosyllabic faces of the young equities became visibly elongated; but without taking the smallest notice of them or their confusion, the nobleman politely wished me a good morning; and descending from the coach, caused the footman to place his cloak and despatch portmanteau in the carriage. He then stepped into it himself, and the footman stepping up slightly with his whip, and the equipage and its noble owner were soon out of sight.

"Pray what nobleman is that?" said one of the dandies to the landlord, as we entered the inn.

"The Earl of H—, sir," replied the landlord; "one of the best men, as well as one of the richest in Scotland."

"The Earl of H—?" repeated the dandy, turning to his companion; "what axes we have been! there's an end to all chance of being allowed to shoot on his estate."

"Oh, yes, we may burn our letters of introduction when we please," rejoined his companion; and silent and crest-fallen, both walked up stairs to their apartments.

Thus she would cheer the drooping spirit of her husband in seasons of despondency, making light of those vexations which beset a large household and slender means.

Emma, the companion of her mother, and her ready assistant, partook of all the sweet amusements of her disposition; but a delicacy of health had followed her from childhood, and now the bloom upon her fair cheek looked "too bright to be good," her fingers said. But with the buoyancy of youth and her natural brightness of temper, she would not grieve her kind parents by complaining; and although her cough was the source of times of severe pain, and a slight cough disturbed her rest, still there was but occasional anxiety felt for her beloved daughter, so well did her innocent deceit cover the "invalid in the bud." But a few years found the "normal growing frailty, and the comfortable chair was wheeled in the most inviting posture, and the brothers brought in delicacies to tempt the appetite. Yet still content and hope were ever written upon the countenance of the trustful mother; and when finally the chilly winds of autumn brought the invalid to sit in the bright sunny south parlor, it was a real delight to see the labor of love which showed itself in everything—little roses of flowers were placed around, which Emma had arranged, and light fancy-work disposed of to the attentive friends who visited the sick girl, were a real source of pleasure to the gentle child. "For I am not a burden," she would say, "and I can help you yet, mother."

And so the winter passed; and when the dandies and violets came in her lap, and decked the little green banks above the garden wall, she laid her angel-head upon her mother's shoulder, and yielded her tender spirit to her Maker.

"Dear Emma's sickness was a great comfort to us," Hetty would say to her sympathetic friends for a great part of the time; "it was not so often, and they were so kind, and I always had her near me, and now I know that she is safe; and perhaps had she lived, she would have left us, and had care and anxiety to distress her."

Thus was she ever dwelling sweetly on her mother's face; thus did she show the meekness of content and the humility of a true Christian. Not so with Susan, having at a late period in life connected herself with a person of estimable qualities, and settling upon one of the most desirable locations of the beautiful East River. She rendered those around so uncomfortable by repining of her lot, that her society was a burden to all. Her husband was a man, as I have said, of estimable abilities, and in selecting his second partner, he had hoped in Susan Layton to find a companion and friend who would fill up the vacancy left in his heart, by the death of his most beloved wife, at the same time giving to his young daughters a tender guardian for their future years. Alas, for his prospects! the beautiful path of his former life of pleasantness he soon discovered was laid waste by the spirit of discontent he had brought in their midst, the dear haunts, and scenes about which he had lived, the cool bowers and shaded walks, upon which he had bestowed so much labor, and felt so much pride, drew no feeling of admiration from his wife; and the home for which all his youth had been spent in toil to obtain a "home in the country," was regarded by his companion as one very great drawback to her enjoyment. "She always had hoped to live in the city; and now, from her connection, it appeared that her destiny was fixed—she never had enjoyed the thing she desired; of course it was not to be looked for." And with murmurs which she liked him very well, but she knew that the polished linen, white as snow, on his bosom, had no connexion with his wishes; in plain terms, it was a false dicker, (we used to call them dickers in those days), for his wishes were tucked up every other night, and so she would not marry him; for she hated dicker, and that closed John's courtship; but in a few months preparations were going forward for a wedding; and Hetty, happy in the choice of a lover, did not inquire into the secrets of his washerwoman, and believed that all was gold which glittered. She reposed in trustful confidence that, as the time had come for her to leave the old house and the vine at her father's door, the shadow of the roof-tree of Henry Fielding would shelter her as lovingly as had the dear trees over her native home; and so, after she had taken her last walk among the familiar places she had loved—looked her last upon the little brook, and family of ducks, and stooped to drink from the clear spring, as she used to do when a child, she dashed away the natural tears which hung upon her lids, clung while in the arms of her parents, embraced her sister, and took her cheerful presence from her childhood's home. And now, as we have separated the sisters, we will separate their stories.

The house in which Henry Fielding brought his young wife, was a great old-fashioned building, with a stone hall and broad staircase, and heavy mouldings; the huge doors showing the security and strength of its wood-work, and the thick, solid masonry promised a home for many generations of the Fielding family; it had been the ancestral homestead, and with each descendant the pride of family increased, and so also increased the beauty of the grounds and gardens around it. The smooth out free stone showed that taste, as well as wealth, had been bestowed upon every part of the stately mansion. The dooryard was filled with trees, very old, and over-

green, and beneath were immense bushes of boxwood, trimmed and fashioned in various shapes of urns, and cones, and baskets. To be sure, they were stiff enough to look at, but everything was in keeping, and they were green even when the hills were covered with snow, and Hetty called it her "Evergreen Home." And dear child, her own heart was just like it, for there was always a freshness and beauty about it, even when the cold winter of affliction came upon her. As years came and went, they brought their cares with them; a large family was springing up and filling the halls and shady walks with the voices of childhood; and happy as had been all her days as maiden and wife, the devoted mother thanked God daily that he had bestowed so much to make her path pleasant, but it is not sunshine alone which gives fragrance to the flowers or dew that moistens the earth; there were clouds in the horizon of this happy family, and they were the first that had ever threatened its tranquility.

I have said it was a pride in the owner of Fielding Manor to retain its possession; but with the property was increasing incumbrances, and combined with a large family and generous living, the estates of the fine place were more involved, and it became necessary for great domestic economy; but a cheerful spirit ruled the hearth, and presided at the board, and what, if during the warm months, the cool and spacious bed-chambers were crowded with strangers, and nurses and other's children in their arms, plucked the gay flowers from the borders, Hetty would say: "It is so pleasant for the boy to have company, and so lively—that Emma (her eldest daughter) enjoys it so much, that we feel sorry when summer is gone; for all that are with us seem so much like our own, that the toil of serving them is nothing." And so like the sun she brightened everything she looked upon, and even labor was gay by her smile. "So long as God gives us health, dear Henry, do not regard me; we are happier and rest better from the performance of our duty. These are small ills. See our children blooming and healthy around."

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"Dear Emma's sickness was a great comfort to us," Hetty would say to her sympathetic friends for a great part of the time; "it was not so often, and they were so kind, and I always had her near me, and now I know that she is safe; and perhaps had she lived, she would have left us, and had care and anxiety to distress her."

Thus was she ever dwelling sweetly on her mother's face; thus did she show the meekness of content and the humility of a true Christian. Not so with Susan, having at a late period in life connected herself with a person of estimable qualities, and settling upon one of the most desirable locations of the beautiful East River. She rendered those around so uncomfortable by repining of her lot, that her society was a burden to all. Her husband was a man, as I have said, of estimable abilities, and in selecting his second partner, he had hoped in Susan Layton to find a companion and friend who would fill up the vacancy left in his heart, by the death of his most beloved wife, at the same time giving to his young daughters a tender guardian for their future years. Alas, for his prospects! the beautiful path of his former life of pleasantness he soon discovered was laid waste by the spirit of discontent he had brought in their midst, the dear haunts, and scenes about which he had lived, the cool bowers and shaded walks, upon which he had bestowed so much labor, and felt so much pride, drew no feeling of admiration from his wife; and the home for which all his youth had been spent in toil to obtain a "home in the country," was regarded by his companion as one very great drawback to her enjoyment. "She always had hoped to live in the city; and now, from her connection, it appeared that her destiny was fixed—she never had enjoyed the thing she desired; of course it was not to be looked for." And with murmurs which she liked him very well, but she knew that the polished linen, white as snow, on his bosom, had no connexion with his wishes; in plain terms, it was a false dicker, (we used to call them dickers in those days), for his wishes were tucked up every other night, and so she would not marry him; for she hated dicker, and that closed John's courtship; but in a few months preparations were going forward for a wedding; and Hetty, happy in the choice of a lover, did not inquire into the secrets of his washerwoman, and believed that all was gold which glittered. She reposed in trustful confidence that, as the time had come for her to leave the old house and the vine at her father's door, the shadow of the roof-tree of Henry Fielding would shelter her as lovingly as had the dear trees over her native home; and so, after she had taken her last walk among the familiar places she had loved—looked her last upon the little brook, and family of ducks, and stooped to drink from the clear spring, as she used to do when a child, she dashed away the natural tears which hung upon her lids, clung while in the arms of her parents, embraced her sister, and took her cheerful presence from her childhood's home. And now, as we have separated the sisters, we will separate their stories.

The house in which Henry Fielding brought his young wife, was a great old-fashioned building, with a stone hall and broad staircase, and heavy mouldings; the huge doors showing the security and strength of its wood-work, and the thick, solid masonry promised a home for many generations of the Fielding family; it had been the ancestral homestead, and with each descendant the pride of family increased, and so also increased the beauty of the grounds and gardens around it. The smooth out free stone showed that taste, as well as wealth, had been bestowed upon every part of the stately mansion. The dooryard was filled with trees, very old, and over-

green, and beneath were immense bushes of boxwood, trimmed and fashioned in various shapes of urns, and cones, and baskets. To be sure, they were stiff enough to look at, but everything was in keeping, and they were green even when the hills were covered with snow, and Hetty called it her "Evergreen Home." And dear child, her own heart was just like it, for there was always a freshness and beauty about it, even when the cold winter of affliction came upon her. As years came and went, they brought their cares with them; a large family was springing up and filling the halls and shady walks with the voices of childhood; and happy as had been all her days as maiden and wife, the devoted mother thanked God daily that he had bestowed so much to make her path pleasant, but it is not sunshine alone which gives fragrance to the flowers or dew that moistens the earth; there were clouds in the horizon of this happy family, and they were the first that had ever threatened its tranquility.

I have said it was a pride in the owner of Fielding Manor to retain its possession; but with the property was increasing incumbrances, and combined with a large family and generous living, the estates of the fine place were more involved, and it became necessary for great domestic economy; but a cheerful spirit ruled the hearth, and presided at the board, and what, if during the warm months, the cool and spacious bed-chambers were crowded with strangers, and nurses and other's children in their arms, plucked the gay flowers from the borders, Hetty would say: "It is so pleasant for the boy to have company, and so lively—that Emma (her eldest daughter) enjoys it so much, that we feel sorry when summer is gone; for all that are with us seem so much like our own, that the toil of serving them is nothing." And so like the sun she brightened everything she looked upon, and even labor was gay by her smile. "So long as God gives us health, dear Henry, do not regard me; we are happier and rest better from the performance of our duty. These are small ills. See our children blooming and healthy around."

Thus she would cheer the drooping spirit of her husband in seasons of despondency, making light of those vexations which beset a large household and slender means.

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THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

From Holden's Dollar Magazine.
CONTENT AND DISCONTENT.
BY MRS. E. K. LEGGETT.

Hetty and Susan Layton were as different in their dispositions as they were in appearance; the one had a clear, rosy complexion, laughing eyes, and joyous expression, with which the fullness of a round figure and nimble step would second, while the other had a shrunken, tall, straight body, with thin lips, dull, grey eyes, and naturally no smile at all, unless a painful distortion of one side of her mouth, when an unfortunate occurrence in housewifery was dwelt upon might be interpreted. I never saw her run; but she would walk around the house as though there was death in it. Even when they were children, Hetty would always come bounding into the door, with her apron full of fruit or flowers, and her dress all in tatters from her exertion to gather them, while Susan would follow demurely, with no evidence of the happiness and delight which beamed in every expression of her sister's face and spoke in every word she said, but that Susan was cross, bitter, and a continual discontent seemed to hang upon every thing she said or did. If it rained, it was to disappoint her; if the birds sang, it was to displease her; if the birds sang, it was to displease her; if the birds sang, it was to displease her.

"Do you travel far on this road, ma'am?"
"About sixteen miles farther, sir. I leave the coach six miles the other side of Airdrie."
"Do your friends dwell thereabouts?"
"Yes, sir, they do. Indeed, I am on my way to my father's house."
"To your father's?"
"Yes, sir," said the poor young woman, raising her handkerchief to her eyes, and sobbing audibly: "I am returning to find a disconsolate widow, after a short absence of two years."
"Is your father a good circumstances?"
"He will never suffer me or my baby to want, sir, while he has strength to labor for us; but he is himself in poverty—a day laborer on the estate of the Earl of H—"

At the mention of this nobleman's name the young gentleman colored a little, but it was evident that his emotion was not of an unpleasant nature.

"What is your father's name?" said he.
"James Anderson."
"And his residence?"
"Birklebury."
"Well, I trust, that though desolate so far as this world is concerned, you know something of Him who is the father of the fatherless and the judge of the widow. If so, your Maker is your husband, and the Lord of